THE COMMONWEAL

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Midsummer Pause 337
Week by Week..... 338
This Congress and the Next..... 341
Inflation or Hands Off?.....William Gidaly 342
Holding Up the Hills.....Leo R. Ward 344
You Liked Parties, Saint Matthew!.....
Helen Walker Homan 346
Depression Sunday.....Cuthbert Wright 348
Croce and Papini.....Igino Giordani 350
Primum Mobile (*verse*).....Leslie Nelson Jennings 350
The Screen .....Richard Dana Skinner 351
Communications 352
Books.....William Franklin Sands
Joseph J. Reilly, Richard J. Purcell,
Mary Ellen Chase..... 353

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MIDSUMMER PAUSE

A CARTOON recently published in the New York *Times* vividly illustrated the fate of the average newspaper reader today. He sits, or, rather, he reclines, in an attitude almost of prostration, news sheet in one hand, and the other hand clutching his head, while around him there swirls a cloud of figures and words: "Reparation!" "Taxes!" "Relief!" "Unemployment!" "Reconstruction!" "Debt Issue!" "Finance Corporation!" The figures are of almost astronomical size. They criss-cross each other like the explosions of firecrackers and rockets in a thunder storm. Yet the picture only hints at a mere fraction of the situation that so manifestly bewilders the average citizen, even the one situation treated by the cartoonist. There is the mystery of the gold standard, to further complicate matters. There is the additional problem of the tariff controversy. And the cartoonist mercifully confined himself to only one of the multitudinous main problems which day by day are thrown at the head of the reader—shifting and changing almost hourly as they develop themselves in all the quarters of the world. The arms conference, for example. The devils' dance of revolutions in South and Central America, for another. The Manchurian crisis, for yet another. The Prussian dictatorship. The renewed attack on the Catholic Church in Mexico, accompanied by signs of the approach of a new political crisis—probably a revolution—in Mexico. The Ottawa conference of the British Commonwealth, with its possible consequences to the trading and financial interests of all other nations. And all these subjects, together with a score of other great problems—the Italy-France naval and military clash, the Polish Corridor quarrel renewed, the tariff war between Great Britain and Ireland, and the constant menace of the Russian situation—press themselves simultaneously upon the attention of Americans just when their own great national event of a presidential election is approaching its most insistent phase.

But if the average reader can truthfully be depicted as a bewildered and baffled individual, the situation of those who ordinarily are not placed in the category of the average citizen is not much better. Statesmen, politicians, leaders of finance and industry, teachers and students of public affairs and—let us at least confess the fact—even the apparently omniscient editorial writers, are likewise bewildered. Only those who are committed to some highly definite but usually quite one-sided and sharply limited point of view are free from

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the confused and vacillating state of mind which afflicts most people today. Indeed, it is because those who occupy the position of being the leaders and directors of public opinion (whether really well qualified for such responsibilities or not) are themselves so unsettled in their opinions that the great mass of the people are so agitated and so bewildered.

Nevertheless, contradictory as many of the present aspects of the world situation undoubtedly are, and critical as most of the problems still remain, it can be truthfully stated that something which is indispensable to general improvement has made its reappearance—and that is a sort of mood, or spirit, of renewed hope—what the Pope referred to as a gleam of the dawn of confidence. There is a psychological improvement. There are many facts which tend to explain and support this lessening of anxiety, this fairly general expectation that if the worst is not yet over—in the sense of being conquered—that anyhow the worst things are slackening in their assault upon society, and that better things are gathering strength, and are facing the evils with positive courage, and with a sense of their own innate superiority to those evils.

We are not among those who believe that realities and facts can be dealt with—can be changed or deflected from their courses—solely through what are vaguely called "psychological" attitudes. A hungry man who does not believe in the reality of hunger or disease or death may indeed amaze those who observe him by his calmness, and by his resistance to hunger or sickness, but he will die, nevertheless, unless he obtains food, or finds a real cure for his ailment. On the other hand, the mental or spiritual attitude of an individual or a mass of individuals constitutes a reality of a most beneficent type, or of a malignant type, according to the principles upon which the attitude is founded. True fortitude, faith, hopefulness or charity produce the first, the beneficent type of mental and spiritual life. Reliance upon the false magic of a perverted optimism, with its employment of a sort of hypnotic slogan-worship, and a blind faith that truths can be changed by mere word-juggling, which certain types of advertising have encouraged, can only lead to disaster.

Such false optimism and mumbo-jumboism have been largely discarded by masses of Americans who formerly were under their spell. The revival of common sense courage, of a truly human type of fortitude and of faith, is all to the good. It can be set down as one of the positive benefits of the depression. If it is sufficiently encouraged by the leaders of the people, it will become a permanent possession of millions of men and women whom truth will have set free from a state of illusion which by relaxing their mental muscles, so to speak, and softening their characters, had made them victims of misfortune, when the misfortune came, in the worst sense of the word; for it robbed them of effective means to meet their troubles robustfully and sensibly.

It is in this particular portion of the world's great struggle to achieve some stable sort of peace that the forces of religion most effectively may act. We are, of course, especially interested in what Catholics, and the Catholic Church, in the United States, are accomplishing, or are planning to accomplish, to renew and to strengthen the sound and sensible spirit of the nation. It is a matter for rejoicing, therefore, that even when the resources of the Church are being tested, and even strained, by the conditions of the times in taking care of its ordinary and extraordinary duties of the spiritual ministry, and the vast burden of its educational and its philanthropic activities, the attention of Catholics is not wholly absorbed by the paramount duties of the crisis. The cultural work being done at the numerous summer schools, related to the extension of Catholic Action into the fold of general American life, has not been deflected from its course; on the contrary, there are many signs that it has acquired a keener quality, a livelier appreciation of its great, redemptive purposes. The Catholic Rural Life Conference, to be held this year at Dubuque, Iowa, is a notable, possibly the most important, aspect of this Catholic crusade; but there are many other movements, like the many conferences of the National Catholic Welfare groups—with which, indeed, the rural life movement is integrally united, to bear out our statement.

August, the midmost summer month, when most ordinary activities slacken, and the vacation season is at its height, comes like a pause in a storm this year—almost like a suspension of hostilities in a battle. The storm is not over; the battle is not done; but the betterment of the human spirit, its bracing of itself to meet the future hopefully and strongly, is evident. It is at once our duty and our great opportunity to hold fast to what has been gained and to go on manfully to meet the great crisis which must come this autumn.

WEEK BY WEEK

Election Time in Germany

WHATEVER history may eventually say regarding the Von Papen experiment in Germany, it is already clear that probably in no other way could so much virulent political frenzy have been generated. After street brawls and acts of restraint beyond number, the final step was a Prussian dictatorship unqualifiedly illegal and, in view of conditions, quite ridiculous. This stop-gap Cabinet went into office expounding a version of nationalism less bizarre than Herr Hitler's "old soldier" patriotism, but willing none the less to pat every stalwart "Brown-shirt" on the back. In company with the great majority of Germans, Colonel Von Papen and his associates wanted to cleanse the body politic of Communism. But like so many ultra-conservatives in other lands, they fancy that hygiene is an affair of one vigorous combing and brushing. Assuming that such men as Sivering, whose services to the republic as a leader of Social Democratic labor are of inestimable value, can be brushed aside like mosquitoes with the help of a few soldiers, this

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government is playing with windmills in a manner worthy of Don Quixote. Away with the infinitely cautious methods of Bruening, who believed that order could triumph over extreme radicalism by being orderly! Down with a method which believed that the industrious, much-tried German worker deserved a state better than a mere machine for multiplying *Verbotens* at the point of a pistol! But unfortunately the elections, which will no doubt end the present interregnum, cannot restore the circumstances under which the progressive activity, abruptly broken off by Von Hindenburg's decree, can be resumed. Germany has little to expect from the immediate future.

The Nation Swelters

IT IS not hot weather merely which has kept the people of the United States perspiring during the past week. In spite of the improved conditions referred to in our leading editorial, ominous events have occurred in widely scattered and representative cities and towns. Thus—to take merely one example—Dubuque, Iowa, paralyzed its financial centers, and as a result many of its labor-employing enterprises, by a panicky run on banks which seems to have had no basis in fact. Chicago appears to have been obsessed with a belief that relief funds were so completely exhausted as to render the next meal of the destitute a purely theoretical thing; and accordingly there were a number of bread riots. Even Washington, about as near the Reconstruction Finance Corporation as it is possible to get, beheld long queues of savings-bank depositors clamoring for their money. What causes these periodic outbursts of despair it would be hard to say. Obviously, however, the prevailing phenomenon of uneasiness is based fundamentally upon the utter insecurity of the wage or salary earner under the American system. If left to fend for himself in a world where jobs grow fewer every day, the individual has only his savings to fall back upon. Wherefore the underlying uneasiness of the public is an interesting commentary on what are thought to be widely held convictions on the subject of unemployment insurance. Are we steadily drifting closer to the time when these convictions must be abandoned? There is an obvious dearth of official replies to this important question.

A Quiet Affair

SOON the country will be startled by the momentous notification of President Hoover that he is the proud candidate of the Republican party to succeed himself. A dignified little ceremony has been arranged to take place on the porch of the White House. Representative Snell of New York will, we trust, not snarl the glad tidings but deliver them in unctuous and convincing tones and surround them with some hopeful and patriotic-sounding phrases. President Hoover carefully went over all these arrangements with Mr. Snell so that nothing should take him by surprise. This procedure, which is not one that President Hoover originated but is only one that he is continuing, has within recent years aroused more and more mild opposition. There is no reason to object to it, other than that it is rather ridiculous. If this were a monarchy, the ceremony might have the interest of a pageant of pomp and power. A plain, matter-of-fact public servant in a democracy, however, seems merely rather naive in permitting himself to be notified in this way about something which he knew by radio the very second it happened, and by common sense some time before that. He might of course seize the occasion for a forthright statement of what he would propose to do for the country should the people repose their confidence in him again. Mr. Hoover might startle the country, in fact the world, by saying, "I believe a lot of people would enjoy a glass of beer and I propose to help them have it." If we may hazard a guess, however, he will do nothing so light-hearted. Rather it is to be expected, that the country will be treated to some pointing with pain at the responsibility of the rest of the world for our own unhappy financial condition and the scattering of some immortelles on the old Republican claim to knowing what is good for business.

Catholic Women

FROM various sources, news reaches us of the conference of the National Council of Catholic Women which was held recently in picturesque old Santa Fé. The impressive thing about this conference—and the same is true inclusively of the council—is the organizing ability which is being shown by women. Of course there have been women who have displayed this quality to a high degree. But in general a capacity for creating organizations and for the endurances necessary to keep an organization going, has been conceived to be not exactly in their realm. As Miss Mary Coughlin, national director from the province of Santa Fé, at the conference, declared, "In spite of belonging to the most superbly organized institution in the world, and in spite of organization being written large across the pages of our national life, it took the catastrophic outbreak of the Great War to awaken Catholic laywomen to the need of national organization." The sceptical may wonder, "Why organize?" The answer of course is that if one earnestly desires the most effective service to those ideals and standards for which the Church stands in the social order, this can best be attained through orderly concerted action. Besides the practical advantages in the self-dedication and service for the common good exemplified in the work of the Council of Catholic Women, are certain amenities of such association. To work along alone, without the understanding of others working toward the same ends, can never have the joy and stimulation of being in a "goodlie compagnie" of pilgrims bound for the same goal with "devout corage." It is very easy to read between the lines and discover how the recent conference was a source of *joie de vivre* for the conferees and their guests of the hierarchy

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and the clergy. This is an élan that was characteristic of the Faith in the middle ages at another great period of banding together for common ends in the service of God. San Miguel, the oldest church in the United States, is at Santa Fé, and the surrounding region of the Southwest has many relics of a historic contribution of the Church to the culture of our country. It is an agreeable thought that that effort does not perish, but is carried on in the present and increases.

A Good Man

OF RENÉ BAZIN, whose recent death was briefly noticed in the American press, it may be said that he survived his time. Not that we believe France or her friends will ever completely forget the man or his works. He possessed the finest virtues of the Catholic bourgeois—piety, social-mindedness, purity of vision and purpose. Some of his stories are given to students in all countries, who learn from him nobleness as well as French style. Nevertheless Bazin's literary method was a little more than ordinarily mortal. He stood in the front rank of those who, during the early years of the century, battled against naturalism in the name of religious faith and patriotic conviction. The pathos of "L'Isolée," the nationalistic emotion of "La dernière classe," the tranquillity of "Magnificat"—all these were like Millet in their emphasis upon a stylicized simplicity which, indeed, inked outlines but dipped no pen in human blood. Accordingly, those who wish to know the French peasant will turn to the Abbé Roux and not to René Bazin. But for their age these novels were admirable instruments, serving just causes with sacrificial enthusiasm and bringing to the Catholic idea a wholehearted support incapable of being emphasized too strongly. These qualities likewise characterize Bazin's greatest work apart from fiction: the life of the African missionary, Père Foucauld. Never was there a more imperishable biography, and never was a man better suited to write it. Literary fashion will never change sufficiently to mar the charm and significance of this masterpiece, certainly one of the treasures of Catholic literature.

Coeducation

THE STATISTICS on coeducational marriages (a term we trust is clear, even if elliptical) recently published by Dr. Paul Popenoe, director of the Los Angeles Institute of Family Relations, seem to us to be worthy of serious study. Even if his figures should prove to need correction on the score of being unduly optimistic, it is inconceivable that their significance can be corrected away entirely. It may not be true, as he avers, that, as against the general American average of one divorce to every six marriages, the average of the coeducated is one divorce to every seventy-five marriages. But there must be at least, in the cases of Dr. Popenoe's study, a very startling advantage in favor of the latter. Conjectures are in order, and we are willing to hazard one. We do not believe, it is perhaps needless to say, that coeducation is the only, or the chief, means of keeping divorce down. But we can see why it should be one means. For coeducation at its best—that is, where it is not a mere experiment foisted upon a section of the populace committed by tradition or sophistication to another ideal—is as logical and spontaneous an expression of Americanism as are votes for women, liberty for women, expert jobs for women and property rights for women. They are all based, that is, upon a philosophy of individualism instead of a philosophy of the family. Now, whatever may be the bitter bane of individualism, it is at least better to profit by what it has to give of the positive than merely to suffer what it imposes of the negative, the disruptive. That is, youths and maidens have measurably better chances for a stable union if they are at least formed to respect each other as serious, reasoning entities, even by academic test, than if they are formed to have no philosophy about each other at all. And that, by and large—of course there are exceptions—is the only alternative our society offers them.

Epics

IT IS interesting to have the old and certain and constantly forgotten fact that human courage and capacity have a limit which no human imagination can set, brought home to us simultaneously in two very different ways. Our newspapers carry the brilliant story of the Olympic tryouts, in which mark after mark representing what were held to be classic and untouchable efforts, has gone down before the onslaught of fresh confidence and fresh wills. And the same editions which give us this bright saga of our youth at their disciplined and triumphant play, give us another story which, against a very different background and evoking a very different mood, arrives at the same moral: that if the will is right, the body can be pushed beyond itself to make a new legend of endurance. It is the story of Clarence McElroy, the Indiana airman who crawled for fourteen days through the Oaxaca jungle with a broken leg, subsisting almost literally on rain water, to be picked up at last by a Zapoteca herd guard. His companion had been killed outright when their disabled plane crashed. He had been merely crippled and stunned. For three days he remained at the wreck with the corpse, then finally set out on hands and knees down the course of a stream. He caught rain in a tarpaulin, slept under the thickest trees and kept going. In the two weeks he covered less than five miles; and the fact that he saw throughout the lights of a village a few miles further downstream added a peculiar torture to pain and starvation. "Often," he says, "I felt like giving up." It is when these men do not give up that the epics of endurance are written. The history of the conquest of the air has given us many of them. They stand on equal terms with all the heroes—with the iron men who not only sailed wooden ships, but opened up every new mode of life for our race.

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THIS CONGRESS AND THE NEXT

PRECISELY what do the American people expect of their government? Putting this question in the light of the recent, seemingly endless session of Congress is very nearly to attempt the task of gaging public opinion. This we have no intention of doing. It will suffice to name just two aspects of the scene: first, the continued and exceedingly varied appeal to what is called the paternalistic tradition; second, the consciousness of political as well as economic uncertainty. Congress wrestled unceasingly with thousands of appeals for aid. The Bonus Army made their point dramatically and dangerously; the railroads and automotive industry stated theirs bluntly, in the manner of business men pressed to the wall. At any rate, the tide of appeals rose so high that virtually no stratum of national society failed to put in a bid. Now add that all this activity took place against a screen of doubt—doubt, first of all, regarding what the future would bring, and doubt, secondly, of what the November ballot-box might do to party alignments which have held firm since Wilson's time.

Compare this with a reasonable assumption regarding the average citizen. He is very rarely a person who weighs the exact meaning of the Congress he himself has helped to create. Washington is a place where speeches are made and votes taken, he thinks; and he hears or sees little of that vast drama of committee meetings and personal manipulations which actually absorbs the legislator and summons forth his latent political qualities. A speech on the floor of the Senate may be important, but usually it is a matter of no consequence. What counts is the manner in which a given Senator effects an adjustment between his constituency and his party. For example, a statesman who hails from a rural neighborhood must desire farm relief, but he can as a rule only come out for that kind of relief which his party endorses. As a result his time will largely be spent either in trying to bring the party round to the point of view of his constituency, or vice versa. Add together the myriad forms in which this "compromise" is effected, and you have a fairly good formula to account for the languors and failures of Congress.

Nevertheless, the average citizen knows relatively nothing of all this. He expects action. He growls when action to his liking is not forthcoming. And therefore it is the easiest thing in the world to serve in Congress when times are very good, and the hardest thing in the world to work there when times are wofully bad.

Take as an instance the chief concern of the past session. This was relief—the granting of as many appeals for help as could be afforded without upsetting both the taxpayer and the nation. From the conservative standpoint, salvation came from the parties. Neither Democrats nor Republicans dared to espouse the bonus or a hundred other causes. Though the House again and again kicked over the traces, putting both Mr. Hoover and Mr. Garner to rout, the "organization" prevailed none the less. The principal object of such relief measures as were enacted seems to have been guaranteeing the monetary system. Limited at first to loans directly affecting investments and banking, the mechanism of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation was eventually geared to help provide for state and local relief organizations. Such a change was a great Republican concession—perhaps the greatest ever made by the party during its history. It argues most eloquently that Mr. Hoover is anxious for reëlection. And in just the same manner the numerous pleas emanating from this corner or that of the Capitol were likewise based on campaign year necessities.

It follows as night after day that the Democrats must be willing to go farther than Mr. Hoover would. They may and will stress the issue of prohibition, but that problem alone does not contain the explosive which sends a winning candidate into office. Doubtless, however, individual spokesmen for the party will venture much farther than the party itself. That is the outstanding Democratic advantage. Since the army massed behind Mr. Roosevelt need not actually decide upon a plan of battle until after November, the Democratic "constituency men" can say plenty which the more tightly bound followers of the Hoover administration are unable to assert. Whether the blessing is unmixed is another question. One may simply note the great likelihood that the next Congress will demand a sizable quantity more of favors from the government than were suggested by this year's brethren of Messrs. Curtis and Garner.

All of which raises the query whether the usual European system does not work better during emergencies than the American plan does. Here Congress is both a law-devising and a law-enacting body. There a given government proposes a corpus of legislation which, if not acceptable, means the passing of another Cabinet. Of course, it is inconvenient to put up with a grotesque parade of régimes in swift succession. Yet eventually the public does get trouble out of its system faster on the whole than can be done in a country where change means so absolute a shift that merely thinking of it causes a species of chill. Certainly one reason why Republicanism is so strongly entrenched is this—the prevailing feeling that a complete realignment is hardly less drastic than moving from the earth to the moon. But a given political form is, in some respects at least, part of a nation's destiny. Normally it cannot be altered without grave revolutionary disturbances. And the people of the United States have proved that whatever else they may want, revolution—even in embryo—is not to their liking. And so we may expect them to besiege whatever Congress assembles next, with pleas and suggestions which in the aggregate will rival the wishes confided to Aladdin's famous lamp.

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INFLATION OR HANDS OFF?

By WILLIAM GIDALY

Inflation and its concomitant of a raised price level is one of the panaceas for the present economic distress. Next to the cancellation of war debts, it is probably urged more often than any other single measure. The principal defense of paying the soldier's bonus immediately, was that this would be, or would necessitate, inflation. THE COMMONWEAL *in the issue of April 6 gave space to a most vigorous advocacy of inflation by Virgil Jordan, nationally known economist. This was the occasion of numerous comments for and against. Mr. Gidaly here expresses the more conservative position.—The Editors.*

THERE is a great deal of agitation disseminated for inflation or "reflation," as it is called by some economists for whom a rose by any other name does not smell as sweet. Propaganda for this purpose has been rampant in a variety of forms; now it appears for the remonetization of silver; now, for the balancing of the federal budget through a long-term loan; and again for the issuance of government bonds for the construction of public works. By perusing almost any issue of a popular magazine or Sunday newspaper the reader is confronted with some contribution proving the silliness of the conservative attitude and extolling the blessings of the new, and yet so old, economic thought. It deserves therefore the earnest consideration due to the opinion held by a representative cross-section of our intellectuals.

Stripped of its rhetorical garb, the proposition which the protagonists of this doctrine advocate commends itself by its extreme simplicity. What is the complaint and where does it originate? Everyone knows the answer: Lack of work or diminished earnings coupled with reduced prices. The prescription is therefore quite obvious: Remove the cause, that is, unemployment and low prices, and you have restored earnings and prosperity. To achieve this, all the government has to do is issue a sufficiently large amount of bonds, say $5,000,000,000 worth, use the proceeds for public works, giving a push to the lagging industrial machinery, and the rest will take care of itself. What with direct government employment in carrying out the large-scale public works and through increased industrial operations incidental thereto, unemployment will rapidly dwindle, agricultural products will be absorbed in larger quantities, in fine, the normal throbbing of economic life will receive new impetus.

It is a thankless task to shatter the illusion of the day, to pierce the bubble and show that it is merely a drop of water, or to demonstrate that economics, the "dismal science," has not changed into the "joyous science." The task is not only thankless, but may lead into abstruse speculation and conclude with a question mark rather than with a definite recipe. The following short discussion takes up two distinctly separate problems: (1) government bonds versus taxation; (2) inflation versus deflation. When these questions are cleared up, I shall proceed to link the findings together and attempt to decide what a government should not do and what it can do under the existing economic system if it wishes to aid the suffering masses.

A government loan represents a mortgage on the future income of a nation. Given auspicious money market conditions, the practice is very simple indeed. On lawful authority the Secretary of the Treasury causes to be printed a number of certificates setting forth the face value, the date of repayment and the rate of interest, etc., and sells them to the public through the federal reserve banks. When the purchasers have paid for the bonds the transaction is completed; the government has received a loan and the bondholder a definite promise for the repayment of the principal and the payment of interest until maturity.

In effect, something entirely different has taken place. Money, whether in gold or silver coins or in form of bank notes or bank deposits, represents purchasing power; a clear-cut, well-defined means for the purchase of goods. By transferring a sum of money to the government the former owners have given it a means that can be readily converted into possession of goods. In fact, it is actually goods that have been transferred, since the funds of the bond purchasers had been previously invested, either directly or through the banks, in the production of goods. Thus, by obtaining a loan the government has borrowed not money but goods; it has induced the owners of the surplus goods of the nation to lend part of their possession to it for a certain consideration, pledging the income of the entire present and future population as security. The government has taken from those who had too much, with the purpose of distributing the charges of the loan over the entire population, and making also those who have only the barely sufficient participate in repaying the lenders with interest.

The other alternative is the meeting of public expenditures solely from taxation. Theoretically it is conceivable that taxation could be increased to a point where the government's needs are fully covered. It has been done in England where the government has not floated a single new loan in the last three years, and yet balanced the budget and paid out enormous sums for the aid of the unemployed.

It is true that what is feasible in peace time is impracticable in war, since the change from peace economy to war economy must take place suddenly, without warning or preparation, and the government must have the funds peremptorily. It cannot wait from seedtime till harvest. The interval must be tided over by a loan. But though a government loan in war time is defensible, if not an absolute necessity, it is leastway questionable

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whether the continuance of this fiscal policy in peace time can stand the searchlight of criticism. It means throwing the economic burden on the shoulders of coming generations, whether they will derive any benefit from the investment of the loan or not. A government may dissipate the money or use it for foolish enterprises from which but a small group will benefit, but the burden of the loan will endure *aere perennius* for generations to come.

Governments, however, must use this expedient if they want to make war. Consider for a moment the psychological reaction of a nation that is required overnight to pay a twentyfold to fortyfold tax: as likely as not, war would be outlawed by that very government action. Yet, once in war, a government must adapt itself to necessities, as the raising of war expenditures through taxation alone would sweep any government away. The only way left open is consequently to raise the taxes to the psychological breaking-point and resort to government loans for the rest of the war requirements. Benjamin Strong, the late governor of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, testifying before an investigating committee in 1921, recognized the truth of this fiscal philosophy, cautiously though he stated it:

> Do you suppose for a minute that the United States government, the Treasury, would permit a loan to fail, in the face of military necessity of getting the money? I believe personally that had we endeavored to force economy (during the war)—economy of credit and economy of consumption of goods—upon the people of the United States, we would have been inviting disaster. [Economy of consumption of goods means straight taxation.]

Since a government loan does not by any means create a fresh supply of goods in itself, but only borrows them from surpluses and transfers them to other arbitrarily chosen fields, the conclusion is obvious that, from the viewpoint of the national economy as a whole, there is no difference between a loan and taxation. In both cases the supply of goods remains unchanged and only a transfer has taken place. The difference lies entirely in the distribution of the burden. In the case of a loan the taxation is spread over a long period of time with a proportionately smaller surtax charge on large incomes and fortunes; in the case of immediate taxation the tax must be collected without postponement, and naturally the wealthier classes must contribute the largest proportion. The one point that should not be lost sight of is that, loan or immediate taxation, there is no change whatever in the amount of goods available that the new government funds can purchase, and the problem resolves itself into the distribution of the charges.

It is no doubt largely due to the difference in the party systems of the United States and England that these matters are treated differently in the two countries. In England, the existence of the Labor party is responsible for the increase of taxation to a level that makes the hair on the heads of our better-situated classes stand on its end. In our two-party system, an easy-going fiscal policy that talks of billions of new loans as of a matter of mere technicality is taken for granted.

The theory that industrial recovery is bound up with a rising price level and that there can be no prosperity while prices are falling has been almost generally accepted. But memories are short. During the twenty years from 1876 to 1896 there was a continuous fall in prices, yet nothing interrupted the normal industrial and agricultural expansion, unemployment was not excessive, and there were no budget deficits. More recently, from 1920 to 1929, we had an even more spectacular drop in commodity prices, and the period, curiously, coincided with a feverish economic expansion in the United States, while the federal government was successful in redeeming a sizable portion of its debt.

A deflationary long-term movement in itself is no obstacle to recovery, while the numerous efforts to arrest the fall of prices have thus far proved to be not only futile but extremely dangerous. In the United States as well as in England there have been many stabilization schemes tried out, always with the purpose of checking a decline, never for checking a rise, and always ending in a tremendous fiasco.

The main characteristic of a heavy fall in prices is that it is most pronounced in basic commodities, wheat, cotton, ore, rubber, etc., wholesale prices of manufactured products following in the degree of depreciation, and retail prices lagging hindmost. Even on a so-called stable price level there is a constant shifting of individual prices in progress, nor does a rising or falling trend mean a uniform advance or recession. The statistician who calculates the index figures selects a representative group of commodities, weighs them alike in several periods, and the result is a fictitious curve that does not describe any movement that actually happened, but is a composite of the ups and downs of the various elements on which the calculation is based.

For convenience I will accept this unreal method of measurement to see what the significance of a great price movement, such as the one that we are now experiencing, is. We are told that a fall or rise in the general price level is nothing else than the effect of an opposite trend in the value of money; that when the value of money rises prices fall, and when the value of money falls prices rise. This theory has led to the assumption that there must be a steady increase in gold production, since gold is the basis of all forms of money, and monetary circulation can expand in proportion with industrial activity only in so far as there is an adequate annual increment in the stock of monetary gold. It does not enter into the objects of this short discussion to take issue with this so-called quantity theory of money which has shifted the significance of price changes on the monetary side. I will instead examine some of the effects of these price changes on the distribution of the national income and wealth.

In a period of rising prices the value of capital facilities enhances out of proportion to the income of labor,

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quite independently from the distribution of income. This will become evident when one considers that, in addition to the higher return per unit produced, the value of a plant also appreciates not only because of the higher cost of reproduction, but also because of the greater profits derived from more intensive operation.

On the downward swing of prices there is a similar leverage operating in the opposite direction; but whether prices rise or fall, and whether the paper value of the nation's fixed assets becomes greater or smaller, is primarily of importance to speculators who had bought their properties on borrowed money. For them the leverage, at its worst, may mean extreme wealth and power as well as poverty and destruction. The assets remain the same, their capacity to turn out goods is unchanged, and consequently their profitableness in terms of goods is neither enhanced nor impaired. The speculators may be forced out, as witnessed especially in overfunded real estate and railroad failures, but fortunately goods are produced and services are rendered by capital assets and labor, and not by speculators.

> But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Substitute speculators for officers and community for king, and you have the modern version of Hamlet's bitter saying.

For the wage-earner a rising price level usually means a steadier income and some savings, and it is of especial interest what happens to the latter. In the best case these are deposited in savings banks, when they are cumulatively invested in production. In the worst case they are used for the purchase of speculative securities on margin, thus magnifying the leverage factor for the equity-owner. Deflation, of course, hits the latter the hardest, while the depositor's reserves last a little longer. When the inevitable cyclical crisis arrives, income, even in "real wages," shrinks at a frightening pace as occasion for work diminishes, and hardships, humiliations, mental and bodily deterioration follow in succession. It has been appositely said that the foundations of big fortunes are being laid in times of depression; that is, at a time when the countless small speculators and investors are forced by reverses to liquidate their holdings and some fortunate big "operator" is still in funds.

The conclusions that may be derived from the foregoing paragraphs can be summed up in the following two points:

(1) A large government loan should be avoided. The purpose of such a loan would be to give direct employment and to raise the price level. As shown, a rising price level is not absolutely necessary for normal economic activity, and if there is any help to be meted out, the means should be raised by immediate taxation in full.

(2) Attempts at price stabilization, including such experiments as the Farm Board, are absolutely wrong and should not be undertaken. It remains to be seen whether the activities of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation should not be included among price stabilization attempts.

Whatever the organic causes of a depression are, the lessons of the past two years and a half have taught us that there is no remedy to be found on the monetary or credit side where the proponents of inflation seek it.

HOLDING UP THE HILLS

By LEO R. WARD

HEARING these days a little sporadic and uninformed talk about "back to the farm" by men half a generation from the farm, one is interested in knowing what has occurred on the land. What one has seen among the farmers themselves may be summed up in a couple of sentences. The first, naturally, is this, as stated by a farm woman: "All our troubles are money troubles." The second, as one saw it lately among farmers in Iowa, is that the farmer, always a poor man and bearing the brunt of the times fully and now for a decade, stands up with a sunbaked wisdom and courage all his own.

The farmer of course has been taxed out. Everybody knows that. The weight of being governed is very great and instead of being the first to yield, as it would be if government were enlightened and functioning in the interest of the people, is the last. And yet cash is, I think, not so scarce as it was twenty-five years ago. It is hard to lay hands on, it cannot be borrowed on any security, almost surely it will be tighter within the next twelve-month, the farmer's last three cents is and should be hoarded and the final one cut in two, but to date some little bit of it is left. An old farmer, on his way to plow corn, told me he had seen choice hogs, now only toward $3.00 on local markets, very nearly $2.00; but according to records of the yards in Chicago, that must have been over forty years ago. The trouble is that the cash, even if a ghost of it is still had, will do so much less. The dollar, said a farmer, won't cover the spot as it would thirty and forty years ago; the spot has widened.

If you are given to speculation, you may move around on these hills at dusk or at midday, the last of the corn going in, the smart weeds and black-eyed susans getting a start, the fields full of cattle, and tell the farmer how to raise $100, $200, $300 or $400

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this fall for the necessary expenses: taxes, interest, coffee, calico.

Food is plentiful: meat, eggs, milk, butter, vegetables, the wild berries, and that is the basis of a main possible shadow of sense in the (urban) talk of back to the farm. Whatever is bought is cheap, and very little is bought. A man can wear an old coat for a long time, especially in the country. Shoes give more trouble—in winter. The girls' dresses are very common, all the same a little ribbon makes them look fairly bright and new; mothers told me that outgrown dresses are being passed from child to child and from family to family. The tattered old cars, looking like the pick of a boneyard, balk on the hills, and some of them are run only at night because the $10.00 for a license is a prohibitive outlay. The free and only movie, put on in the streets by the merchants once a week, draws a big crowd.

One must suppose in the long run an almost complete overturn in land tenure. Probably, though one does not like to think so, loan companies in Chicago and banks in New York or London will have the first and irredeemable claims to the land. But at present foreclosures are unknown. One reason is that they cost too much in Iowa. Then they also mean nearly the extinction of income from land, plus the need of footing the tax bill. Better get no interest just now than a little dubious unmarketable grain-rent at this cost; and in fact mortgages are in given instances halved (a way of cancelling debts), and even so some farmers have refused to make the struggle to meet the taxes and the delayed half interest.

On the farms, one scarcely hears of farm relief. Prohibition too is a small issue, and the tiny undercurrent of talk on the subject is in terms of revenue. The railroads with their increased toll on freight do not, so far as the farmer is concerned, any longer exist; groceries are trucked into town, corn and hogs trucked to market. One finds a general feeling of soreness on the matter of expenses at Washington and Des Moines, a conviction that we have waste and incompetence in government and are ruled primarily in the interest of the rulers. The reaction against those in power, instanced in Senator Brookhart's being retired, is calm but settled. As a farmer stated it: "All the men in office are going to be put out and other men, good or bad, put in in their places."

The farmers whom I know are able now to find a certain humor in the depression. They enjoy hearing one of their own unwittingly call it the "compression." In the main they are far from being defeated. They can have fun in their poverty and rags. It is true they can be bitter, as the man was who said, "The harder you tried, the harder you flopped—you spent nothing and in the end you have nothing." But their bitterness is not continuous or contagious. Another said: "We started with nothing, we scraped and spent, now we have nothing again; that just means we were down, we got half up, and are down again." A woman began to lament the short prices she got for chickens and geese last year, but broke off, "Oh, well, maybe I'll have to pay to get the market to take them next fall!"

No one has more fun at his work than a stump farmer whom I visited. He was breaking stump ground up and down the side of a long hill. There he went all day, old Sam and Regs, hitched to a double-tree hewn from hedge, easing the plow into a snag or a clump of roots with the wisdom got from practice. The stump man himself knows from the feel of the plow handles just what he has struck. The point hit something hard. "What do you think that is?" I suggested it was either hazel root or green elm. "If you hit green elm like that you would move the whole hill. That's crab apple; I wish Hoover was here to get us out of this fix. Here's buck brush, the team walks right through it; and iron weed—it's like oats stubble." I asked how far a neighbor who plowed with a tractor would get on this hill. "He couldn't get in here." As I left to examine other hills he asked whether I'd care to try a life of stumping and advised me, in case I'd get a monopoly on railroads and steel, not to charge the farmer three prices for go-devils and breaking plows. That night I played cut-throat with him and another till after eleven, sun time. Hard times and all, these farmers play: they are ready for euchre and baseball and kitten ball, and they follow big baseball and football.

I picked up on a farm a syndicated article by a woman who appeals to the big chiefs of the land to come to the aid of the small towns. These, she says, are rotting. Perhaps they are, but in one small town and in one whole countryside I saw no evidence of the process which she describes with such a charming word. Probably the worst that has yet occurred is a destruction of man-to-man confidence, and that only in a financial way; many debts of some years' standing cannot be paid, and though the people wish to pay, it is thinkable that the rising generation, if it is able to contract any debts, will have less desire to pay them.

People are brought closer together and become better neighbors under stress and in common perplexities. Nor is it true to say of these farmers, as someone said a year ago of farmers generally, that they are ninnies and half-wits. The simplest looking man of them, asked by a candidate at the primaries whether he had voted, answered, "Yes, they still let me vote—and run loose."

They have retained their individuality and humanness and have not thought of making terms on these matters. Also they have an invincible courage and a livable optimism. It is not the farmers who are unable to stand against the turn of the times; it is the very wealthy, the Kreugers; and no farmer is or was wealthy. The farmers are bent hardly more than in former days under the load. I used to think of them as holding on to the sides of the hills, and scratching at the hills for a livelihood. Now in these times I see men holding up the hills. But I do not hear them whimpering about it.

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YOU LIKED PARTIES, SAINT MATTHEW!

By HELEN WALKER HOMAN

I'M SO glad you did, Saint Matthew. For I like them very much myself. It really has been one of the thoughts that has brought me closest to you. It's evident that you shared my weakness for parties because you are the only one of the Twelve ever recorded to have given one. I'm not forgetting the warm hospitality of Saint Peter, for instance, who was always eager to fling wide the doors of his house in Capharnaum to all who wanted shelter. I often think of his joy that time when he was able to play host in it to his Lord and Master. But hospitality and parties are two different things; and you are the only one of the Apostles recorded as giving a real party.

In that Roman-governed province of Judaea where you lived, you were one of the native tax-gatherers appointed by its conquerors, to wrest every penny of taxes possible, out of the hands of your fellow Jews—a position which did not enhance your popularity with the latter. Your class was known as "publicans." Much disrepute clung to your profession. You were accused, not only of being unpatriotic Jews for holding office under the despised conquerors, but also, because of your contact with these Gentiles, of being stigmatized with ritual uncleanliness. But, in a worldly sense, you had at least one compensation for the social ostracism you were made to suffer—and that was wealth. Your office was a lucrative one; and after all, even if the Jews wouldn't come to your parties, you publicans could give lovely ones to each other, and to the Gentiles. You had plenty of money for travel, and pleasure, and fine clothes. Of course, Saint Matthew, originally you must have had a fondness for all these luxuries, or you would never have chosen your profession. That is why, in many ways, your conversion is one of the most interesting among the Twelve.

Your office in Capharnaum was on the great road that ran by the Sea of Galilee—that road which was the main thoroughfare connecting such far-flung marts as those of Egypt and Damascus. Over it came, in splendid, colorful procession, the rich caravans of powerful merchants. On the backs of their heavy-laden camels rested all manner of odd and beautiful things, which they uncovered before you, and paid upon them whatever tax you saw fit to impose as the right of imperial Rome.

One summer day, in that particular year of the governorship of Herod Antipas, you were busy at work. By virtue of your office, a certain generous percentage of all you levied was yours—and perhaps you may literally have been counting your shekels, when the greatest moment in your life came. "And when Jesus passed on from thence, he saw a man sitting in the custom-house, named Matthew; and He saith to him: 'Follow Me.'" Nothing mattered after that; you were ready to chuck the whole business—riches, fine apparel, worldly pleasures. All you asked was one, final fling, by way of celebration—a party—a party in honor of Him! The Master graciously accepted your invitation; and you determined that all His friends should also be invited, as well as your own. Since among His companions He numbered humble fishermen, and men and women who up until recently had been notorious sinners, and since you included among yours all the heartily despised publicans of the neighhood, the motley and questionable group gathered about your lavish board caused no end of scandal. Saint Mark says that "many publicans and sinners sat down together." Saint Luke says that you "made a great feast" in your "own house. . . . But the Pharisees and Scribes murmured, saying to His disciples: 'Why do you eat and drink with publicans and sinners?'"

But you, a true lover of parties for themselves, weren't in the least disturbed. You hadn't a snobbish bone in your body. A party to you meant only a gathering about you of those who were congenial, to whom it was your pleasure to serve the choicest viands and wine. In your own Gospel, like a perfect host, you say nothing about the sumptuous feast you gave, although careful to speak of the assembled "publicans and sinners." And I'm sure that you, personally, had a very good time at your own party. I wonder if it was during it that the Master changed your name from Levi to Matthew? Certain it is that up until this time, you had been known as Levi. But He chose to call you Matthew, or, in Hebrew, *Mattai,* as it had been shortened from the original *Mattija*—a great compliment, since it signifies "Gift of Jehovah."

Barred though you may have been from what was considered decent society, you were nevertheless a man of education. Your parents, Alpheus and Mary, must have been people of means, for you had been well trained in the knowledge of the Jewish law and Scriptures. You knew your Prophecies, as you were to demonstrate when you wrote your Gospel, in which you repeatedly proved their fulfilment in the life and death of your Master. You also had a flair for genealogy, being able, with the utmost ease, to trace His descent back to Abraham. "The book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David, the son of Abraham," you began your great work; and then proceeded to show how all this was. I like to think that He, knowing, although it was yet unwritten, what that Gospel would mean to the world, was considering all these things when He called you, "Gift of Jehovah." There has been a difference of opinion as to whether it was you, or Saint Mark, who first wrote down a record of that Divine Ministry which was to be the original Gospel; but I'm sure, as much as it has been argued about down

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here below, that it has never been a matter for words between you and Saint Mark. You are not, either of you, that sort of author. It is however, generally conceded that your work, written about six years after the Ascension, was first known as "The Oracles," or the sayings of Jesus. And I don't know how you feel about it, but I rather resent that passage from Papias, preserved by Eusebius, which states: "So then Matthew composed 'The Oracles' in the Hebrew language, and each one interpreted them as he could." Did he mean to imply anything against your lucidity? If he did, all we have to do is point to the rapidity with which you were translated into Greek, and widely circulated.

You seem to have been every bit as much a man of action as a man of letters. According to Saint Irenaeus, you were very busy after your Lord's death throughout Judaea, preaching and founding churches; and Saint Clement of Alexandria states that you were so occupied for fifteen years. Nor did you go about all this quietly, as one fearing the persecution then smoldering, and likely at any moment to break out into violence against the Christians. Not you! For Rufinus has you accepting the challenge of the high-priest to public debate; subject: the ancient Jewish rites of sacrifice, versus the new Christian rite of baptism. Standing on the Temple steps, boldly you faced all Jerusalem; and capably you knocked your opponents' arguments into a cocked hat.

But your labors were eventually to carry you much farther afield than Judaea. Dorotheus and Paulinus both state that you preached the Gospel in Parthia; and Socrates, the fifth-century ecclesiastical historian, says: "When the Apostles divided the heathen world by lot among themselves, to Matthew was allotted Ethiopia." According to some of the Greek legends concerning this territory, it included a country known as Myrmidonia, peopled entirely by cannibals! Hearing such a pretty poetical name for the first time at that Apostolic lottery, you probably thought: "That sounds like a nice, idyllic place to visit." But when you got there, tradition has it that you were unpleasantly surprised. Your first sermon did, indeed, draw a crowd —but, awkwardly enough, their minds were not occupied with spiritual matters. The Myrmidonians thumped you up and down and, finding you sound and plump, decided you would make an excellent meal. So they cast you, and your two disciples, Rufus and Alexander, into a dungeon, while they set about warming the oven and preparing the sauce. If it hadn't been for Saint Andrew, who happened along at the time and rescued you, you would certainly have been in a pretty stew. He neatly dispatched seven cannibal guards— you were released, and borne comfortably off, on a soft cloud, to a far-away mountain.

One surmises, from the Apocrypha of the New Testament, that eventually you were left completely alone on the mountain, where you entered upon forty days of fasting and prayer. As you were praying in this solitude, a beautiful little child suddenly stood beside you. Immediately that instinct of hospitality —what was left of that old urge to "give a party"— rose within you, for you exclaimed:

> And why, O Child highly favored, hast thou come hither? Because here is a desert; and what sort of table I shall lay for thee, O Child, I know not; because I have no bread, nor oil in a jar. . . . Even the winds are at rest, so as not to cast down from the trees anything of food; because for the accomplishing of my fast of forty days, I, partaking only of the fruits falling by the movement of the winds, am glorifying my Jesus. Now, therefore, what shall I bring thee, beautiful boy? There is not even water near that I may wash thy feet.

Poor Saint Matthew! You were indeed distressed, not to be able to entertain your guest more substantially. But quickly you were comforted; the little child revealed himself as your Lord. He gave you a rod, which He bade you take down the mountain and into— of all places!—the city of the man-eaters. Obediently you set forth, though you must have quaked as you drew near the city-gates; but distraction soon offered.

There you were met by Queen Fulvana and her son and daughter-in-law—all three possessed by evil spirits. You exorcised these devils, and thus converted the royal trio. Then, according to instructions, you proceeded to plant the rod, which immediately grew into a great and beautiful tree, with a fountain springing from its roots. You bade the Myrmidonians bathe themselves in these waters, which, out of curiosity, they did—and were at once miraculously converted! But the King, bewildered and upset by your influence upon his wife (rid of her devil, she seemed so strange to him), ordered his man-eating subjects to gobble you up just as fast as they could. However, they, having now gone over to a nice Christian, vegetarian diet, refused. So the King tried fire. A great blaze was started on the seashore, and you were placed in its midst. But the fire would have none of you. The King then attempted to conquer your power by circling the fire with the great gold and silver idols, but they were melted to nothing by the blazing heat.

There has been no end of argument as to whether the King of Myrmidonia finally got his bonfire to work, wherein you died a martyr's death; or whether you escaped, eventually to die a nice, cool death in bed, as claimed by Heracleon. In any case, it is supposed that you left this earth about the year 90 A. D. The Roman Martyrology states: "S. Matthaei, qui in Aethiopia praedicans martyrium passus est." The Greek Church calendar credits you with a martyr's death by fire; and legends support this claim.

Mingled as are fact and legend concerning you, Saint Matthew, one substantial conviction emerges—you were indeed the Gift of Jehovah. We owe you much. You were the only one of all the Evangelists to record the Sermon on the Mount in full—in all its Divine beauty and tender solace. Because you reported those words, uttered that long-ago day on Kurn Hattin, so fully and so carefully, they must have meant something

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special and significant to you, out of all that multitude listening to Him.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit." (Were you, perhaps, thinking as He spoke, of that gold upon which you had recently set such great store?") "Blessed are the meek." (Was the pride you had so lately felt in your vested authority, then in your mind?) "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice." (Had you a lurking sorrow that perhaps you had not always wielded your power fairly?) "Blessed are the merciful." (Had it been your duty to turn over to the authorities those who could not pay their tax?) "Blessed are the clean of heart." Dear Saint Matthew, the life of renunciation, love, labor and prayer you lived so gloriously, eventually made your's white as snow; and you worthy indeed, at the end, to "see God."

As for me, I must confess I think one of your most heroic sacrifices (in view of your decided flair for them) was your renunciation of parties. Yet that is only a personal, and no doubt most unworthy, point of view.

DEPRESSION SUNDAY

By CUTHBERT WRIGHT

FOXON PARK is a small, semi-rural district, lying off one of the highways leading from a famous academic and industrial city of New England. The population of the suburb can hardly exceed two or three hundred, poor people of Polish and Italian extraction for the most part, almost all Catholics. The relative solitude and isolation of the district extends past the customary local landmarks of butcher-shop, bakery, general store and so on, into vistas of emerald cabbage-gardens and green fields, powdered by June blossoms and shadowed by a truly Sabbath peace. On the near horizon can be discerned a troubled vision of factory chimneys and Gothic ramparts, monuments to man's economic dilemma, to the academic pride which has not, and cannot, resolve it. Somehow on this sun-washed morning, both the factories and the palaces of learning seem equally and curiously remote from reality. The Park, despite its few frame houses and kitchen gardens, is oddly mediaeval. Here, life seems stripped down to the naked essentials of man's existence; all about the fruits of the earth are manifest, and dominating the suburb is a dark, wooden church surmounted by a shining cross. It is the Octave Sunday of the Sacred Heart, set aside by the Pope as a time of supplication for the present state of mankind.

Unfortunately, as will at once be discerned from these pages, the writer is no more a liturgical expert than he is an economic one, and he who reads must not expect an ecstatic description of the inner glories of that little church, punctuated by the usual snipings on the side at the ninety-and-nine pastors of similar rustic parishes to whom the phrase "liturgical correctitude" is unknown. One can only assure the reader that Our Lady of Pompeii exists, and be grateful for a miracle, unique in one's own limited experience of the Church in this land. In any case I have never possessed the requisite learning to belong to that school whose great principle can best be summed up a splendidly unconscious headline on this very building. Confronted with the sentence: "The altar-curtains are in accordance with the altar and are the same color as the rose-and-gold canopy," the make-up man set it off with this rubric: "Riddles Conform!" I have often encountered a type of ecclesiastical layman who appears, in these matters, to be of the same mind as the headline-writer. Such realities as the Friendship of Christ, the struggle with evil, the battle for sanctity, the fact, to revert to the immediate subject, that a sordid suburb is being transformed into a small corner of the Kingdom of God, thanks in part to the Liturgy, often seems secondary to a certain type of liturgiologist. The supreme fact, in this life and the next, is that "riddles conform."

The truth is, of course, that a "religion" built up on riddles and clerestories, tender candlelight and pure plainsong, on a pretty taste for colors and perfumes, stands very little chance against the assaults of pessimism and despair which follow on in the wake of any economic disaster like the present one. I would not be misunderstood on this point. All I wish to say is that it is dangerously unfortifying to enter the Christian religion by the aesthetic gate, for experience teaches that in this case one is more than likely to remain forever in the vestibule, vexed by every evil wind which fell mischance and Satanic design may send. But just as the Divine Liturgy is surely not enough, isolated from the Reality which it enshrines and expresses, so there can be nothing in the world so tonic, so healing to the soul, as the Liturgy enacted at its best, as it was that Sunday in Foxon Park. It was not by accident, one felt, that Pius XI selected this particular Sunday as a day of prayer for the whole estate of Christ's Church, when one entered the building and heard the voices of the boys rising from the transept in the plainchant of the Introit: "Look Thou upon me, O Lord, and have mercy upon me, for I am alone and poor. . . . To Thee have I lifted up my soul: in Thee, my God, I put my trust."

Over the altar was a picture of Our Lady of Pompeii, rearranged from the traditional one of the cultus in a manner suggesting the lovely, smiling Madonna del Popolo of Federigo Barocci, surrounded by countryfolk and happy children. The counterparts of these figures stood or knelt in that church which seemed to glow like a jewel with faith and hope and charity, the grave, handsome boys in their clean, white shirts, the

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girls in their summer dresses, the older people with faces stamped by that Latin accent of character which marks the Italian painting of another day. Everyone under twenty years' old must have received Holy Communion that morning. The small interior was vibrant with an atmosphere of recollection, of authentic popular devotion, concentrated upon the most august of religious ceremonies. And the whole Mass, in its text and music, was attuned to the note I have been attempting to indicate, the note of childlike confidence, of trust in the Unseen God which, in the poor and needy, is surely the most noble of human endowments.

The priest at the altar, splendidly vested, chanted the Collect: "O God, the protector of all who hope in Thee . . . without Whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy . . . grant that we may so pass through things temporal that we finally lose not the things eternal." "Sing ye to the Lord," cried the voices of the young men in the Offertory, for He hath not forgotten the cry of the poor. At the climax of the rite, at the moment when the priest, bending over the Body of Him Who is at once Victim and King, evokes as it were a whole pageant of holy forms, apostles, martyrs, confessors, youthful captains under Christ and young girls, the venerable, the ardent, the beautiful and pure, there was something specially and infinitely moving in the murmured words: "On ourselves too, who are sinners, but still Thy servants, and who put our trust in the multitude of Thy tender mercies, vouchsafe to bestow some lot and fellowship with Thy Saints . . . through Christ our Lord, by Whom Thou dost at all times create, hallow, quicken, bless and bestow upon us all these good things."

"That we may so pass through things temporal that we finally lose not the things eternal. . . ." It would seem that the whole Christian and Western world, having elected to disbelieve in things eternal, or to forget them altogether, which amounts to the same thing, has been passing through things temporal at such a break-neck rate that they too have been lost, and we are indeed "poor and alone." To employ a popular phrase, "the bottom has dropped out of our universe," and for many of us it is as if we sprawled shivering in an intolerable void. There is, moreover, another kind of depression than the economic one, or rather, the latter is accompanied by a sort of collective psychologic anemia. The body deprived of nourishment, the avocations unsustained by leisure, the passions unfed by money, dwindle almost to the vanishing-point, and the soul having hitherto depended only on that which can be seen and felt and handled, is now utterly solitary, derelict and afraid. And just as the financial catastrophe has its professional phrase-makers whose terminology does not even define, so the air of psychologic depression is darkened by such charming Germanisms as "introversion," "maladjustment," "depressive mania," "Schizophrenia," and so forth. In a single lapidary word, the Pope ascribed the economic disaster primarily to human greed; and for such words as "introversion" and the rest of them, it might be clearer and more scientific to write, "self-love." There is only one cure for that particular madness, for its inevitable result. Everyone knows the story of Barbey D'Aurevilly, poor man, great writer and true Catholic, who on reading a book by his friend, Huysmans, a book which is certainly the most eloquent and terrible manual of the egomaniac in existence, said that having produced "À Rebours," its author had left one of two alternatives—blow out his brains or espouse the religion of the Cross.

In a splendid passage on Saint Joan Michelet wrote:

> Frequently you lament your poverty of spirit, your sterility, you ask why the light of the future is so slow in arriving, and you desire a formula, a talisman of invocation to summon it before you. That all powerful formula which seems so simple, whose fecundity is known only to him who has fathomed it, consists only in these words: "Be good."

We may feel that we have lost everything—youth, fortune, friends, power, opportunity, the joy of life, the secret of happiness—and here in this humble and exquisite sanctuary dedicated to Christ and to His Mother, who is also ours, we can bring ourselves to envy passionately these children of another race in their unspoiled youth, their virile piety, who will, no doubt, grow up into a better time than our own. It is undeniable that they possess something which we have not; but whose fault is that? Not that of the God made Man Who elected to experience all hardship, all the agonies of body and spirit, that we might choose life and not death, and life more and more abounding. The unerring answer contained in the Mass of that Sunday came, not in the words of its Liturgy, but in those of a Victorian poet:

> Would'st thou be as these are? Live as they.
>
> Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
> Undistracted by the sights they see,
> These demand not that the things without them
> Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

In the same fine, but profoundly fallacious poem, Matthew Arnold terminated by advising the reader "to be himself," assuring him that once he had "found himself," he would straightway "lose his misery." I have tried lightly to indicate above the pathologic results of that agnostic being oneself, finding oneself, cultivating oneself, becoming obsessed with oneself, in a word. Up to date the economic self, and the intellectual one, and the aesthetic, and the sensual, have turned out, one by one, to be a catastrophic failure. Let us try forgetting ourselves for a change, and resolve to find Christ, our Brother; so and not otherwise, perhaps, may something be salvaged from the shipwreck of the individual existence. He is there upon the altar, but He demands from us the best and indeed the only thing left in us—the generosity of absolute faith, unassisted by the intellect or the senses. If we can but give him this poor thing, perhaps He may one day say to us as to His first friends: "Blessed are they who have not seen Me, but yet have believed."

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CROCE AND PAPINI

By IGINO GIORDANI

THREE editions of Benedetto Croce's "Storia d'Europa nel secolo decimonono" (History of Europe in the Nineteenth Century) were sold within a few weeks after publication. This work's great success in Italy is due to political reasons—because of the thesis maintained by the author.

This thesis is: European history of the past century is the history of liberty, which was established by a long, sharp fight against absolutism, democracy and Socialism. Liberty is the only true religion, and its bitterest foe is the Catholic religion (a false one, of course). Though the historian finds excuses and justification for Nicholas I, Polignac, Metternich, Bismarck, Boulanger and other adversaries of freedom or of liberalism (which for him is the same thing), he has no mercy for the Catholic Church. Croce was never a Catholic. His angry hostility is due to the recent conventions between Church and State in Italy. Since he cannot strike the State, he strikes the Church.

So crude is his political bias that he cannot recognize what Catholics in Europe did and suffered in the nineteenth century for political liberty: for instance, in Ireland, under the leadership of O'Connell, and, about the same time, in Belgium, in Hungary, and in Italy, where there were Catholic patriots such as Santarosa, Pellico, Tito Speri, Gioberti himself, Manzoni, Pius IX, whose voice and example made popular the revolution of 1848, Ventura, Balbo, Rosmini, Tommaseo, Cantu and Capponi. While mentioning even unimportant representatives of the struggle for liberty Croce does not include the names, or even the works, of such great men as Lacordaire, Ozanam, Cochin and Montalembert in France; Windthorst and the brothers Reichensperger in Germany; and Vogelsang in Austria.

When forced to mention Liberal Catholics, Croce claims that in them the adjective (Liberal) was all, and the substantive (Catholic) nothing. History seems to be for him a mere pretext for asserting his opinions and prejudices. He says that the story of events is not history but chronicle. History is the story of ideas. Yet he gives a minimum portion to Catholic ideas which exerted an enormous influence on the development of Europe. Though his research work included even the smallest pamphlet he did not read Montalembert's "Des intérêts catholiques au XIXe siècle." While despising the historical romance written by such authors as Ludwig, Fülöp-Miller and Maurois, he himself wrote, if not a novel, certainly an anti-clerical libel.

His thesis is based on a flagrant contradiction. First, stating that Catholicism in the nineteenth century did not produce any new religious order (an Italian, he ignores even the Salesians), he reduces the Church to a mere political power; then he reproaches her both for her politics and for her indifference to political governments. Now, if she fought the liberal governments, she was not indifferent; and, if she was indifferent, she did not fight the liberal governments. The truth is that Croce does not expect from the Church the care of souls, the fulfilment of her spiritual mission; he expects from her political activity against his political enemies, as if she were a section of the Liberal party.

From this contradiction of principle there follow some contradictions of fact. His liberalism does not extend to all as does the liberalism of A. Briand, N. M. Butler and others, but, like the liberalism of Combes and Calles, it excludes priests from the rights of liberty.

A prompt reply to this book of Croce's attacking the Church came from that genial leader of Italian Catholics, Giovanni Papini, in an article in the *Nuova Antologia* of March 1, 1932, under the title, "Il Croce e la Croce" (Croce and the Cross). Papini shows that liberalism is a philosophical and political theory, but not a religion, because it lacks the features that always constitute religion.

Since Croce speaks of the religious sterility of the Church, Papini mentions some of the greatest religious orders of the past century; and, as to its intellectual inferiority, he shows that it may be asserted from the Hegelian immanence of Croce's philosophy, but certainly not from the standpoint of the transcendental philosophy of Catholicism. He mentions as the greatest Italian writer of the nineteenth century, Manzoni, a Catholic.

Acceding this inferiority and sterility, Croce points out that the conversions of the past century were due to a fantastic and smooth Romanticism, but Papini, besides mentioning Chateaubriand and Brentano, reminds him of Manzoni in Italy, Müller, Haller, Goerres in Germany, Gratry in France, and Donoso Cortes in Spain, who came to the Church through philosophical, political, and not aesthetic, experiences. The recent converts are maliciously characterized by Croce as cowards and adventurers. Papini, who is one of them, replies with a calmness which is not frequent in his prose and sums up the history of the conversions of such writers as Jacques Rivière, G. K. Chesterton, Peter Wust, and, for the first time, of himself. Rivière was a convert at twenty-seven years of age, Chesterton at thirty-four, Wust at thirty-six, Papini at thirty-nine, an age of maturity and conviction.

Seeking an explanation of the devastation of the Great War, Papini found in the Sermon on the Mount in the Gospel the only spiritual escape from the materialistic collapse of humanity, from hatred to love, from savageness to sanctity. In this spirit he wrote his "Life of Christ" and this led him after hard, intimate contrasts to the Catholic Church.

Of Croce, Papini, writes: He "lacks the sense of the infinite, the sense of sin, the sense of charity. In him memory and intellect invaded little by little all the man. He knows that man is not only body, but also soul; yet, though so intelligent, he does not understand that soul is not only intelligence. He is a man-depository, a man-factory, born for the lowlands, not for mountains and sky. But," Papini concludes, "since I have at least five reasons to love him—as a man, as an Italian, as a scholar, as an unhappy man and as an enemy—I neither can nor want to abandon him. And for him I wrote these pages, with the hope that he will examine again certain problems, events, people; and that at last, also for him, will come the hour of the thaw, the happy day of an irrefutable revelation."

Primum Mobile

Once on the Sea of Galilee it moved,
Hushing the storm and stilling the unrest;
Something He spoke that might not be disproved,
Though the Word fail us who should know it best.
Through a small chink left open in the mind,
Where none may challenge entry, or in sleep,
To whose dark wisdom we are least resigned,
The meaning of that miracle will creep.

Back of all haste, of all that we concede
To the sharp struggle which prolongs our breath,
There, as at first, the shadow of the flame,
The cry in silence, answers to our need.
And some will see its younger brother, Death;
And some will call it by another Name.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

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THE SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Grand Hotel

SAVE for those rather dingy products of Hollywood which fill in the gaps of what is so politely known as the production schedule, the major screen events of the day have become chiefly the adaptations of more or less successful plays. Greta Garbo is particularly apt to find herself the exotic heroine of ex-theatrical fare. In the case of Pirandello's "As You Desire Me," I felt that she was a distinct improvement upon Miss Judith Anderson who helped to introduce the play to Broadway. I cannot bring myself to a similar verdict in the case of "Grand Hotel." Miss Garbo is often fascinating and nearly always alluring as the dancer, Grusinskaya, but she lacks the impeccable fitness for the part of Eugénie Leontovich. Miss Garbo has neither the walk nor the air of a dancer, and from that fact the illusion breaks down.

Nor, oddly enough, does John Barrymore fit the part of the German baron and hotel thief, Von Geiger. He plays listlessly and softly. He does not take the trouble to make himself into something of the vagabond, and so falls far short of the stage performance of Henry Hull. Mr. Hull is always the vagabond at heart, and is never really good in a part unless and until he can discover the poetic rogue beneath the surface of his part. Mr. Barrymore can be a gay rascal when he tries, but on this occasion he is content to drift with the part instead of taking it boldly and glamorously in hand.

That other Barrymore, Lionel, who is undoubtedly the better all-round actor of the two brothers, transforms himself wholeheartedly into the unfortunate Kringelein, and at least offers an interpretation of the dying bookkeeper that is as intelligent and effective as the original of Sam Jaffe. Barrymore's is a very different Kringelein, more robust and hence more open to the suspicion, which I presume the author intended, of being a neurotic rather than a man actually dying from organic disease. Sam Jaffe made you feel, the first moment he crossed the stage, that he was a doomed man. Throughout most of the performance, he was an animated death's head. Barrymore has to tell you that he is dying before you quite believe it. He also characterizes the part with more technical skill. No one seeing Lionel Barrymore in this part would ever associate him with the overpowering brother in "The Jest." This is a real portrait created from the inner sensibilities of a true artist.

Wallace Beery, for some unknown reason, endows the part of General Director Preysing with a strong German accent. When Siegfried Rumann played the part in the stage version, one accepted the accent along with the actor and soon forgot it. But in a play in which all the characters are German with the exception of Grusinskaya and her immediate entourage, it is slightly disconcerting to have the slightly colorless Americanese of John Barrymore matched with an imitation German by Beery. It is, perhaps, a small matter, yet it is for just such poorly thought out details that the movies are open to criticism. Beery also fails, I think, to depict adequately the mental struggle of Preysing between innate honesty and the chance to save the fortunes of his company with a lie. Rumann did this better, and also made Preysing's infatuation for the stenographer, Flaemmchen, more understandably the reaction of an overwrought man whose initial moral breakdown in a business matter led him to all his other excesses, ending in the murder of the baron. The Flaemmchen of Joan Crawford is adequate, but of course far different from the husky throated and highly individualized performance of Hortense Alden in the original.

As for the play as a whole, I still regard it as a depressing study in human defeat and the excesses of hedonism. Not a character in the play has a higher impulse than the satisfaction of immediate desire. The whole theme of the play centers around the apparent need of seeking pleasure at all costs to balance the uncertainties of existence. One might say, of course, that it is a study in objective facts, but an author always has the power of coloring objective facts by throwing the sympathy of the audience to this or that character. As Vicki Baum uses this power, the excesses of each character in turn are carefully excused until, in the end, one completely loses sight of the sordid root of the tragedy.

The treatment of the screen version is slightly more restrained in various realistic details than the play, but that does not alter the essential character of the theme. To a large extent, "Grand Hotel" is a reflection of that much publicized mood of younger Germany today—a mood of reckless despair in the midst of materialistic collapse. But it does not so much as hint at the accumulation of spiritual values beneath the surface. If you accept the mood of "Grand Hotel" passively, you will go out of the theatre feeling that nothing much matters beyond the satisfaction of human lusts in a world of living and imminent death. And that, I submit, is not the mood of a play that even faintly catches the greater and enduring beauties of life to be found in both suffering and victory. (At the Astor Theatre.)

Bring 'Em Back Alive

I HAVE always felt a strong partiality for the epics of nature on the screen, if for no other reason than that only the screen can bring such things to life. They belong to the screen and have about them nothing of the stage, although they do have a vast deal of drama. Frank Buck's film of wild animals caught in the Malayan jungles hardly takes rank among the best of these films, but it does have moments here and there of intense excitement, and contains several unique views of animals fighting.

As a rule, jungle pictures suffer from too marked an attempt to weave incidents together in a story, and the present film is no exception to the rule. The continuity of illusion is too frequently broken by scenes and events obviously staged—happenings supposed to come by mere chance which could never have been filmed at all if they had not been carefully prepared in advance. This puts one in a mood to doubt the authentic character even of the more stirring scenes. There is no denying the inherent drama, however, of the battle between the python and the tiger or of an equally thrilling encounter with a crocodile. Still another struggle between tiger and panther is worthy of the best jungle book traditions. The film is well worth seeing for just such moments. But there is no picture I have yet seen which catches the full cumulative spirit of the jungle through the mere assembling of authentic incidents. It might take years to make such a picture—one which brought you through every stage of insect and creeping life to the towering majesty of the elephant herds. But it would be worth all the effort and time. It would need no story. It would be nothing but a record of the searching eye of the patient camera, bent on making nature speak in her own compelling and universal language.

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COMMUNICATIONS

THE RENT IN THE EAST

London, England.

TO the Editor: After the war, in a troubled Europe, Catholicism has stood like a rock; indeed, it has increased in strength because not only does it stand for truth, but it does not fear to speak it. I want no better example to inspire me, and, in this spirit of uncompromising truth, I have a word to say with regard to the remarks published in THE COMMONWEAL by Placidus on my article about the so-called Polish Corridor.

Anyone who writes for publication has a moral duty toward his readers. This duty is to speak the truth. Views may differ, but facts must be stated accurately and without bias. Now Placidus sins against this rule. That, to begin with, he presents me to the readers of THE COMMONWEAL as a Polish author, when I am nothing of the sort, is a minor mistake for which his ignorance needs little excuse. For Augur humbly confesses that anyone, not versed in European affairs, need not know that Augur, a man of Russian origin, is a British journalist and writer. But then Placidus immediately commits the unpardonable fault of calling the Poles of the thirteenth century pagans. Now this is to ignore the whole history of the growth of the Catholic Church in Europe in the middle ages. Poland at that time was, and had been for centuries, a profoundly Christian country, and the Holy See looked upon it as its favorite child in Eastern Europe. The attachment of the Poles to Rome indeed was greater than that shown by the Germans, whom Placidus tries to represent as the carriers of the true Christian civilization. For Poland at the time shared with England the privilege of paying the annual St. Peter's Pence for the support of the Holy See, which the Germans always had refused to remit to Rome. Papal favor to Poland was pronounced, and expressions of it can be found in numerous documents of the period in the Vatican Library and elsewhere.

I see that Placidus takes as his outstanding authorities on the question of the so-called Polish Corridor, Sir Robert Donald and Monsieur René Martel. I think that Sir Robert, being a reasonable man, may himself protest against this statement of his position. As to M. René Martel I know that the German Nationalists use his book on the Corridor to teach in their own schools how to make propaganda against Poland. But let this pass. What I am more concerned about is the statistical material, which Placidus publishes with regard to the population in the Corridor. Unfortunately, when he speaks about the German Census of 1910 he does not say what is his source. Anyhow he gives the number of Germans in that territory as 919,102 as against 555,337 Poles. A few lines further he even speaks of 1,200,000 Germans in the same Corridor. Now I have in front of me the "Gemeindelexicon," that is, the official publication of the royal Prussian government, giving the figures for the same census of 1910. I have also in front of me a post-war publication of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs of the German Reich. From these German documents I draw the conclusion that the total population of the Corridor in pre-war days was exactly 990,145, of whom there were 437,412 Germans: that is, less than half. What has Placidus to say to that? He may say that anyhow of the 552,733 non-Germans the majority belonged to the tribe of the Kashubs, that is, they were not Poles. I find that he admits a kinship between the Germans and the Kashubs. Now I want to give him only one authority: the pre-war reports of the Prussian administration itself, where it is stated quite definitely that the Kashubs are Poles. Indeed let me remind Placidus that in pre-war days these alleged kinsmen of the Germans always voted for deputies of the Polish party in the Reichstag.

I further find that Placidus ignores the relative value of men in public life in Poland today. Otherwise he would not put a political leader like Dmowski in the same class with Smogorzewski, who is not a politician at all, but a journalist living abroad. If space permitted, I could show Placidus the German publications where he has drawn this curious information, as well as other alleged facts. I quite understand that he probably is not in the position of confirming the facts at first hand. But is this an excuse? Hardly so.

To conclude, a word about the Polish province of the Pomorze, which quite wrongly is called the Corridor. Let me say again that this province, which is the only outlet to the sea of a great country with a population of more than 30,000,000 people is an integral part of the body of Poland and cannot be detached by it to please anybody. An attempt at a revision of this territorial situation, which after all is but a return to the normalcy of olden days, means war in Europe. No less! Let this be well understood by all well-meaning, but badly informed, people, who want to give this or that at the expense of the Poles to satisfy the Germans. East Prussia about which Placidus is so concerned is a province which is not menaced by Poland and which enjoys the greatest possible facilities for its connections with the rest of the German Reich. If there is any inconvenience it is of German making entirely. Should Placidus take a trip to the Corridor, he may discover personally things there, which may make him see the truth, if he wants to see the truth.

AUGUR.

THE NEGRO CHALLENGES CATHOLICISM

Louisville, Ky.

TO the Editor: Anent the letter in the issue of June 29 by Charles Manning, "The Negro Challenges Catholicism":

The fact that I am a Southerner does not, as it need not, make me a Negro hater. Apropos, I might mention that I am a member of the Claver Club here, an organization whose aim is the promotion of good feeling between the races.

But I do think that while housing facilities for the Negro—and for poor whites for that matter—are utterly unsuited for humans, the idea of favoring their residence among whites and other occasions that would promote ordinary social intercourse, is absolutely wrong, for sanitary reasons in the first place, and on account of the danger of promoting intermarriage in the second. This last, I think the most ardent champion of the Negro, and certainly the Negro himself, would not advocate. Then why advocate the near occasions of it?

It really seems strange to me that whereas it is considered perfectly proper to desire to prevent being in near proximity to dirty or ignorant or vulgar white people of any nationality, or to keep at a safe distance from some one or other nationality, the same attitude toward the Negro should be resented.

There are really very few opportunities for social intercourse between Catholics at church, white or black, but as for a just appreciation of the words of the liturgy, "through Christ Our Lord," our lack of education does not stop with our black brother, but is a much more general thing. And instead of attempting that feat, the best solution of the problem is to help the Negro to realize the eternal value of enduring the disadvantages, slights and discriminations incident to his color, along with the other difficulties common to humanity in general. To each state of life individual troubles are attached.

ANASTASIA M. LAWLER.

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BOOKS

New Nations

The Coming of South America, by Henry Kittredge Norton. New York: The John Day Company. $3.50.

WANDERING writers and good-will travelers are beginning to discover and record that there is no more a "Latin America" south of the Rio Grande, than there is an "Anglo-Saxon Republic" north of it. Just as their notion of the Anglo-Saxon Republic is this great region where a system of English ideals and institutions has been inherited by a population of widely different origins, so the Latin America we are so accustomed to speak of is a heterogeneous mingling of widely differing native stocks with the shaded Gothic-Semitic mixtures of Spain and Portugal, each developing in new racial and national organisms, though still operating in a Spanish or Portuguese tradition to some extent; each differing greatly from the others.

All that is slowly being discovered, but until it is understood reciprocally north and south of the river, Pan-Americanism will remain a gesture and diplomacy unreal. Even business cannot deal with that situation till we learn that each of these nations is different and that we must treat with each on its own basis.

Mr. Norton rightly begins his book with that demonstration and thus deals another blow of fact against the misconceptions which becloud all our relations with the governments of the Southern continent. He takes five of the principal nations, describes their composition as new peoples; their physical configuration in its effect on national life and economic development; the kind of government which must grow out of such circumstances as a natural sequence, no matter what theory of government may be held "officially"; how these things affected commercial and financial relations with the rest of the world; how they were in turn affected by the general war wreckage, and why a general economic depression passed into politics and convulsed all five of them in revolution.

He does not demonstrate so clearly what is to come out of it in their "resurrection." He can't. This reviewer is prepared to agree with him, however, to the extent of his prediction that some of the money loans made by North Americans will be good eventually, because they were sound in theory; and that the general tendency of these revolutions is less Bolshevistic than an attempt at soundly constitutional and responsible government.

Given government unrelated to the governed either by direct representation or responsible trusteeship; given a special natural product dedicated to government loan service; given competition in the Northern continent, among "overnight" financiers to sell "foreign" bonds to American surplus capital—and you have as a result the piling of loan after loan on these governments until their financial structures began to crack of their own weight. Then national budgets gave way. Then national credit. Then exchange rates. Then loan services. Finally purchasing power.

"We had no reserve of properly trained men to send to South America," Mr. Norton says in discussing the debacle. A half truth. We had plenty, but we had too few at the top capable of estimating the adequacy of that training. Our reserves of capital were made at home by men used to home methods. They had no means of judging of the judgment of those who were trained to know conditions and men in the Southern nations. Hence we had far too many "leaders" out for commissions.

What happened is all clearly shown in Walter Lippman's "World Affairs." Mr. Norton shows it with greater local detail and his book is a good complement to the Lippman masterpiece.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

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NEXT WEEK

STRONGBOY AT GENEVA, by Roger Shaw, foreign editor of the *Review of Reviews*, lightly disposes of all the troubles of Europe. It is amazing how simple it is to do this on a basis of common sense and fair play. And why cannot life be as simple? Plain old greed! Those who want more advantages than the next, by taking thought, rationalize their greed. Then the devil's to pay because conscience is sunk into a sub-cellar of the consciousness. Only occasionally does a shutter fly open, and a little light and air enliven conscience to clank its chains. Forebearance (brotherly love, loving one's neighbor as oneself) is of course the great thing, the positive. And no doubt there is much of it abroad. Peace, though it be an armed peace, does have the preponderance of time, and this is a tribute to forebearance, as not even the highest authorities have denied that it requires effort to love one's neighbors. After the drum-fire of international political comment, Mr. Shaw's article is a clear and melodious bugle call. . . . THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUPERMAN, by John Moody, president of Moody's Investors Service, regarded in financial circles as the authoritative guide, analyzes the once thriving cult of "the belief that the great leaders of our material civilization are full of profundity and can never be far wrong." The author traces the cycles of this cult, how it waxes and wanes with the tides of fortune and how its devotees with few exceptions seem unable to profit from experience. . . . CONTESTING, by the Reverend John K. Ryan, tells of a curious new development.

Philosopher-Artist

Moods and Truths, by Fulton J. Sheen. New York: The Century Co. $2.00.

THE THIRTEEN sermons contained in this volume (ranging from "The Divine Sense of Humor" to "The Curse of Broadmindedness") help to explain why Dr. Sheen has achieved a nation-wide reputation. The things he says are as old as the Catholic Church; it is the way he says them that is unique. He realizes that the modern spirit is at feud with the Church and he is not content to remain on the defensive. He meets its attack and launches his own, in each case doing so with high effectiveness.

If it challenges Catholic patriotism, he recalls that the Jews, preferring Christ to Barabbas, demanded His crucifixion since, forsooth, they loved no king but Caesar. "They might have added: 'We are one-hundred-percent Romans!'" If it sneers at dogma, Dr. Sheen asks why those who reject the authority of the Book of Isaias should accept that of the Book of Darwin; why those who reject Christ should accept H. G. Wells. If the modern spirit declares the Catholic Church intolerant because she declines to participate in religious conferences, he replies that the world's first church conference proved a failure when Christ refused to enter into a discussion with the high-priest, Annas.

Dr. Sheen understands perfectly that his adversary is no specter but a resourceful, ever-present reality which neither hard words nor vocal thunders will banish. He does not attempt to follow it in all its protean forms, but he seizes upon its most obvious weaknesses: its pretentiousness, its shallowness, its warped logic, its passion for ultra-modernity in such manifestations as sex and pseudo-science, above all its detestation of spiritual authority and all that spiritual authority implies. Like Newman, he is adept in the use of analogy; like Chesterton, he loves paradox; like both, he eschews bitterness and has mastered the other side of the question as well as his own. At times he has recourse to humor and at times to ridicule which is none the less telling because in the Addison, not the Swift, tradition.

Dr. Sheen's typical analogies are sharp and rapid, like revolver shots at a target, and they seldom miss the bull's eye. He has a gift for the incisive phrase, the pungent antithesis, the laconic—almost epigrammatic—conclusion. When Christ declared to Caiphas that He was the Son of God, "He enunciated a truth, a cold truth, an authoritative principle. He enunciated a dogma!" "Christ was tolerant of those who nailed Him to the Cross, but He was absolutely intolerant about His claim to be divine." "At least a hundred men in every century since the Church's birth have tolled the bells for her funeral, but the corpse never appeared." "Christ was crucified in the language of Hebrew, Latin and Greek, in the civilization of Jerusalem, Rome and Athens, in the names of religion, law and morality, in the name of the Good, the True and the Beautiful."

Like Newman and Chesterton, to both of whom his obligations are obvious, Dr. Sheen has the seeing eye of the poet. He reveals it in his description of Christ before "the ironical old man," Caiphas, encircled by the "convulsed faces" of His accusers; in the picture of the Master on the mountain-side of Capharnaum among "the shepherd and fisherman audience of Galilee," His accents "rising and dying away on the upland breath of that autumn evening"; indeed, in every page wherein philosophy puts on the raiment of imagination. Perhaps this is Dr. Sheen's distinguishing and ultimate gift.

JOSEPH J. REILLY.

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Protestant Pioneer

Jason Lee, Prophet of the New Oregon, by Cornelius J. Brosnan. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

DR. BROSNAN of the University of Idaho has written in prosaic style a lengthy sketch of the life and labors of Jason Lee, the first and one of the chief Methodist missionaries and colonizers of Oregon. Well documented and surprisingly detached, this study has marked value for the student of Far Western history and of Protestant missionary activities. Indeed it is material for history, rather than a readable survey of Lee and his era. One would expect a reference to the arrival of Father François N. Blanchet and Modeste Demers at Fort Vancouver in 1838, especially as their Catholic mission in the Willamette became the Christianizing center for half-breeds and Indians. Methodist successes were more marked among the American settlers and in the booming of colonization projects.

Lee was a devout Christian who followed the dim trail to Oregon in 1834 and established his mission two years before any other Protestant missionary arrived and four years before a Black-robe founded a permanent station. His work had a permanence incidentally more as a pioneer than as a servant of the Indians. He made the territory better known in the East; he aided in founding the primitive settlements which became Salem and Oregon City; he founded the Oregon Institute, later the Willamette University; and he urged the extension of American jurisdiction over the region. Welcomed by McLaughlin, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company and aided at every turn by this king of the whole region, Lee left the county and died (1845) before McLaughlin was defrauded of his land claims by the good American missionaries whose land hunger was not equaled by that of the ordinary pioneer.

RICHARD J. PURCELL.

Hardy Once More

Thomas Hardy, A Critical Study, by Arthur McDowall. London: Faber and Faber. 12s.

TWO NEW books on Thomas Hardy have marked the past year, the one American, the other English, Miss Ruth Firor's "Folkways in Thomas Hardy" and Mr. Arthur McDowall's "Thomas Hardy, A Critical Study." The first, already reviewed in these columns, bears witness to the accuracy and thoroughness of its author's scholarship even while it makes one wish that the qualitative as well as the quantitative had engrossed her; the second leaves one wishing, like Oliver Twist, for more.

Mr. McDowall attempts too much in small compass. Here in less than three hundred pages he presents Hardy's imagination and ideas (as he sees them), the scope of his fiction, his treatment of tragedy, his fancy and humor (material in themselves for a book of no mean size!), his treatment of character as fate, his style, his treatment of nature (this last in fifteen pages!). Not content with Hardy's prose he gives two chapters on "The Dynasts" and three on the collected poems.

For this reason alone the book is disappointing. The paragraphs remind one of undeveloped topic sentences. They suggest but do not inform; their illustrations are cut short; their detail is undetailed. The subjects of his chapters are precisely what we want, but his presentation of them gives us little more than a most intelligent outline. Hardy was a spacious author, a more spacious thinker, and he deserves more spacious treatment.

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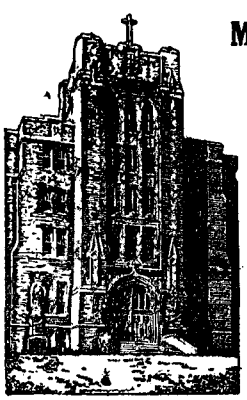
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Briefer Mention

I'll Never Be Young Again, by Daphne du Maurier. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

THIS is an incredibly youthful book. Of course that does not mean to say that it is incredible that the author could be so young; weren't we all! The amazing things is that such youthfulness should have gotten into print. And much as one would like—for the sake of tender memories of George du Maurier and for the sake of the very touching youth of the author herself—not to elucidate, still the truth should out in a honest review that the youthfulness in this case has all the naïveté and petty faults of youth. The two male characters are what a school-girl would imagine them to be. Part of the book treads with youth's disarming—but none the less embarrassing—frankness the primrose path that ends in disillusionment. It is all no doubt terribly important to those modern innocents who have not been informed about the harsh facts of life or, oppositely, of the simple beauties of the virtues, and, therefore, drenched with self-pity and unsatisfiable nostalgias, find themselves sad, oh such sad! victims of life, rather than hewers of it.

Hume's Philosophy of Human Nature, by John Laird. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $4.00.

THIS volume seems quite obviously the best commentary on Hume. It is well informed, discerning and written with excellent lucidity. Professor Laird contents himself with being an exponent of the complete Hume, and has spared no pains to dig up corroborative information where that is likely to be of value. One feels—what is always so important—the realities of history taking on life again, and the exact status of old controversies, some of them still important, is almost visibly discernible. Of course Hume is often a reprehensible thinker. But modern Catholic thought—especially Newman—is quite frequently understandable as a positive reply to his negations.

The Oresteia of Aeschylus; translated by Charles H. Hitchcock. Boston: Bruce Humphries. $2.50.

MR. HITCHCOCK'S version of the most difficult of all Greek plays is distinguished for fidelity to the original, verve and considerable poetic feeling. A comparison between his handling of the "Agamemnon" and Sir Gilbert Murray's is not at all to his disadvantage. The second confines himself to a fairly rigid meter, while Mr. Hitchcock's medium is "rhythmic" and often hardly distinguishable from rhetorical prose. Its one fault is, indeed, a tendency to wax objectionably rhetorical here and there. So good a book should find many readers.

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